

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

NEW SERIES | Volume 311 | Number 120.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1884.

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At the Theatres.



London Assurance drew a fashionable audience to Wallack's on Tuesday night. The comedy was on this occasion played for the first time on the boards of the new theater. Mr. Wallack's Bazaar is one of that admirable comedian's most delightful entertainments. It has lost nothing of its delicious *comedy* with the passing of time. Miss Coghlan has played Lady Guy as well and as often that we were surprised to find her surprising her qualities. Miss Meeker, or Gove, was also in a figure of the time. But she is a sweet creature, whose pleasant personality added to some degree for this afternoon. Mr. Tully made a capital Charles Costley. Mr. Denby's Dally was the best we have seen since poor Floyd played it. John Gilbert's Sir Hamon shone first place with Mr. Wallack's Bazaar. The *comedy* and *tragedy* presence of the old men of fashion were very truthfully and amusingly depicted. John Horace and Morris in a *friendly* comic manner, and Charles Edison was excellent as the philosophic Cost. Miss Gove made her first appearance this season as Per. She was warmly welcomed. The new play, *Victor Durand*, will be brought out some time next week.

Cupid, the comedy that is being given at Tony Pastor's Theatre, is a pastiche of Little Red Riding-Hood and Cinderella. The plot proper does not amount to much, but there are several very clever specialties brought down which combine to will away a pleasant evening. The Silvers do some wonderful acrobatic business; the Ellises ride their bicycles; and juggling, balancing, stereotyping, *ways* and *ways* and *ways* enlivens the show. *Cupid* will be given for a couple of weeks. Then the Dadds come in *Vivian*. After they quit their engagement the regular variety bill will be resumed by Mr. Pastor.

Lynwood drew a large house to Niblo's Gardner Monday. The play was evidently liked. It suits the requirements of down-town audiences better than the patrons of such a house as the Union Square. Maud Gonne was considerable applause as Léonie. W. S. Hartke was the Victor, and B. T. Ringgold the villain.

Shipped by the Light of the Moon attracted a crowd at the Grand Opera House Monday evening. The far-making of Harris and Gwynne was productive of almost instantaneous audience better than the patrons of such a house as the Union Square. Maud Gonne was considerable applause as Léonie. W. S. Hartke was the Victor, and B. T. Ringgold the villain.

The first performance of *Love on Crutches* at Daly's Theatre last week demonstrated that it was a comedy superior in plot, construction and language to the average humorous pieces of the day, and for that very reason we feared it would not be popularly successful. But the public are flocking to see the performance, and we are glad to be convinced in this incontrovertible manner that playgoers really appreciate an unusually good thing when it is given to them.

In creating this play Mr. Daly has had recourse to the Greeks. The authorship of the original is credited to Schiller. But in adapting the characters and the dialogue for our stage, Mr. Daly has definitely erased whatever Teutonic coloring they may have possessed without sacrificing the impressiveness of the original—a feature so clever that we shrewdly suspect Schiller drew his inspiration from a French source. The story is based on a simple incident which leads to somewhat comic results. A gentleman named Sydney Austin has written a novel under the name. It has become the talk of the town and yet nobody—not even Annie Austin, the highstrung and easily-irritated young wife of the author—knows the identity of "Marie," the woman whom the modest Sydney has chosen. Annie believes her husband to be a commonplace individual. She has not married him for love and she is dissatisfied with her domestic relations. Mr. Austin is similarly unhappy. Annie has real the novel, and she addresses a letter to the unknown author, asking for a signature to the name "Diana." Her replies with the alias "Diana." The letters are received and delivered by a Dr. Quatiles, who is described as "Anne's Postman." Mr. Austin discovers that Mrs. Austin is carrying on a clandestine correspondence—he does not, of course, suspect that he himself is the guilty person. A knowing widow, Mrs. Gove, to screen Annie, pretends that the letters are addressed to her. This gets her into trouble with Guy, a *friendly* gentleman who wants to

marry her. Everybody in turn falls under suspicion, and the *ambiguity* is very ingenuous carried on until a few moments before the curtain falls on the last act, when husband and wife suddenly make one discovery—now that they have been reading each other *fall to* dear and the other that they are deeply in love. There are a score of minor tangos in this thoroughly-mangled play which add greatly to their interest. The second and third acts are very ingeniously designed, the manner in which a certain letter "Anne" has written to "Postal," and which four or five of the characters simultaneously scheme to obtain possession of, is constructed and found, and stolen and resisted, is exceedingly clever. The comedy is of a refined and delicate character, and it is admirably sustained. There is not a dull moment in the whole piece.

We are used to good acting at Daly's Theatre, but the company surpass themselves in *Love on Crutches*. John Drew is delightfully natural as the husband; Otto Skinner plays the *King* man of the world, Roverly, with excellent judgment; James Lewis invests the role of Quatiles with a good deal of humor, and William Gilbert makes quite a character out of the interviewer, Gainsborough, a part that in less practiced hands would scarcely escape giving offence. Miss Reeks is winsome as Anne, "the Ideal of the Middle-aged," and Mrs. Gilbert has a character just to her way—a sharp-tongued, shrewish person who cannot live pleasantly with one of the mildest conceivable husbands. But the principal success is scored by a young actress who hails from Boston, Edith Kingdon. She is charming as the widow, Mrs. Gove. Her face is beautiful and expressive. Her acting is distinguished by refined humor and there is in her voice and movements a subtle fascination. Miss Kingdon will unquestionably become a favorite second season in Mr. Daly's company if she is given such opportunities as that she enjoys in the current play.

The mounting *Love on Crutches* receives is well-nigh perfect. The interiors are like pictures. There is none of the point-and-canvass look about Roberts' scenes and nothing cheap or *shabby* in the furnishings.

Irving's Hamlet must be seen to form an adequate idea of its whimsical conceits and grotesque departures from the paths of well-grounded traditions. True, it has for its noisy attracted large audiences to the Star Theatre, but except among the rather limited circle of Irving-worshippers which has grown up among our playgoers, the production has elicited astonishment or mirth rather than admiration. This Hamlet beggars description, and bewilders both the eye and the ear. In appearance he is a middle-aged person, not even in his thirties, but rather a venomous yet vacillating crank. With eyes in fits, rolling, distended looks, and eccentric black hooded limbs, he wanders through the five acts of the play, watching at every opportunity that offers to introduce an *inartistic* melodramatic effect, and apparently for no other reason than to attract attention, clutching at any and every possible innovation that will violate established interpretations. He is emotional to the brink of hysteria. Somebody has vulgarized Irving because he is a "flesh-and-blood" Hamlet. The Hamlet of Shakespeare is an ideal creation. He is not a commonplace, every-day individual, who talks philosophy and discourses on abstract subjects with the voice and gesticulation of a man diagramming a *concentric* or discussing the latest political scandal. There is nothing intellectual about this melancholy Prince—except that the actor, with all his peculiarities and foibles, is unable to rob Shakespeare's masterpiece entirely of its beauty, the classical qualities would be reduced to the level of the fussy speeches of Edmund Dantes or Mathias, the Burgomaster. We will not bore our readers by describing in detail Mr. Irving's idiosyncrasies. Enough to say that if they are justifiable, then every other Hamlet from Hertford to Ruth has misconceived the plan and purpose of the character. Miss Terry's Ophelia was interesting, but not so striking as her other Shakespearean characterizations. The rest of the company was efficient. The setting was superb.

Irving's engagement closes this week. Friday he appears in *Charles I.*, and Saturday in *The Bells*. The season has been a remarkably prosperous one. Charlotte Thompson makes her appearance at the Star next Monday in *Jane Eyre*.

Harriet Jay's matinee last Wednesday at the Madison Square Theatre was only a moderate success. Lady Clancarty, the play selected for the occasion, is not especially serviceable for showing off the talents of a new-comer. And yet the few scenes requiring dramatic treatment were passed over rather lightly by Miss Jay, who, perhaps, was wise in not entrusting herself to a more trying role than that of the heroine of Tom Taylor's piece. Miss Jay is tall and good-looking. Her pronunciation is refined and her manner ditto. But there is an awkward constraint in her movements and a weakness about her voice which combine to thwart her efforts to stimulate the more intense emotions. Her acting was certainly dominated by intelligence. Indeed, we scarcely expected less from such an intellectual woman as Miss Jay. But if her performance of Lady Clancarty was a fair specimen of herabilities, we cannot predict success for the lady in the profession. The audience, which

was composed chiefly of the fair sex, gave Miss Jay an attentive hearing, and whenever there was opportunity to show its good-will it applauded liberally. The real success of the matinee was made by Adeline Stanhope, who played the winsome *governess*, gay and vivacious Lady Hesse with a great deal of zest and spirit. Miss Stanhope is such an excellent actress as well as a comely person that we should like to see her retained as a fixture in one of our stock companies. Charles Gwynne "got through" with *Clancy*. There were so many delicate suggestions of blended humor and pathos in his performance of the *way*, ridiculous Irishman that we could see great possibilities for him if he had been entirely easy in the lines and business. Tom Whalen was capital as *Frank Goodman*, and E. J. Henley, although he made Lord Spencer a trifle too heavy, nevertheless deserved the impression he recently made in *Costume* at Wallack's. J. W. Pigott gave a dignity and character to King William which fitted the role into more prominence than usually is accorded to a straight utility part. Charles Coote, Mrs. Whalen and M. Morris had minor duties to perform.

Investigation is still doing a lively business at the Comique, but the new piece will be put on in a few weeks. Rehearsals are going on smoothly, and members of the company say the comedy is funnier than its predecessor.

Miss Davenport's engagement at the Fourteenth Street is a phenomenal one. This is the fourth week and yet the receipts remain steadily large. We do not recall another instance of a star coming to the city a second time and duplicating a long engagement the income business of the first. But Miss Davenport's gifts are impressive and *Baron's* great play, *Fedora*, is bristled with vitality. The remarkable popularity of both play and drama can easily be understood when these facts are taken into consideration.

Fantasma will be taken off at the Fifth Avenue on Saturday night. Mr. and Mrs. Florence will be seen there next week in *The Mighty Dollar*.

Dupre and Sons will give place at the Union Square Theatre on Monday to *Three Wives*, Colonel Miller's adaptation of *Trois Femmes pour un Mari*. There is likely to be some litigation over this piece.

The Private Secretary has not abated in popularity at the Madison Square Theatre. The house is crowded nightly.—Adams is still a draw at the Bijou.—Notice to *Quit* may run until the Christmas holidays at the Third Avenue Theatre. When it is withdrawn the old melodrama *Henry Doolittle* will be played. It is in rehearsal.—An Adams' Edie has been drawing remarkably well at the Comedy. For some reason or other the public have taken kindly to piece and company.

The Musical Mirror.



The Wilbur Opera company opened for a week at the People's on Monday night, presenting *Girolo-Girolo*. The attendance was very fair. The Wilbur is a good road company, but it is not strong enough in principle for a very successful metropolitan engagement. Sophie Kirwan acted the twin daughters with plenty of abundance and vivacity; but a severe cold interfered a little with her singing. There is a fascination about Miss Kirwan that takes an audience captive on her first appearance. J. E. Brand, the baritone, is the only good male singer in the company. He acted the fierce Monksuk very cleverly; but the part gives little opportunity for vocal effort. J. E. Cosby, a fairish, handsome young man, with a thin but rather sweet tenor voice, was the Marquis. His plump figure filled out a picturesque costume and masked him for ladies' eyes. His acting was rather flat; his voice a trifle thinner than last season. George Knowlton, as Don Bolero, and Annie Somerville, as Papita, were acceptable. The gallery welcomed Ed Chapman, the comedian, on his entrance as Don Bolero. Mr. Chapman succeeded in creating much laughter throughout the evening; but we draw the line at his vocal efforts. In small parts, C. K. Black, H. H. Howard, Annie Meyer and Lulu Nichols were all satisfactory. The chorus was strong vocally; but the female contingent was rather "centennial" in appearance.

Several operas, including *Estrella*, will be presented during the week. *Estrella*, it will be remembered, was first mildly condemned by

the metropolitan press and then perished in the Standard Theatre configuration. Mr. Wilbur resurrected it in Cleveland last Summer, and had some changes made in it. Very fair success attended the production, though some critics objected to the tinkering.

The Casino folks are busy getting ready for a change of bill. *Nell Gwynne* is not filling the house, but it is doing respectably. The concert on Friday last, in which some of *Magnolia's* artists participated, was well attended.

Koster and Bial's Hall is reserved to literary. The programme this week includes *Lewis in His Bed*, *Dievres*, selections from *The Seven Maidens* and *The Sleeping Queen*, given by a capital company.

Realizing Character.

Although not able to write an acting play, there is no doubt that Charles Dickens possessed dramatic intuition to a high degree. The faculty is actively employed throughout his works in realizing for the reader the characters he introduces.

To this end, every agency which ingenuity can devise is employed, by personal description, costume, language and innumerable little details of conduct and bearing, which can mark them and separate them from others.

For dramatic use such treatment is overmuch; the true playwright summarizes and accomplishes by an *act* what is significant gesture whole pages of the novelist.

In proof of his intense identification with his characters, we have, in addition to the abundant testimony of his life and correspondence, a newly-published letter which refers to the period when he was reading to large audiences passages of his own works. "Come early in January," he writes, "and see a certain friend of yours do the murder from *Oliver Twist*. It is horribly like, I am afraid. I have a vague sensation of being 'wanted' as I walk about the streets."

We may ask, Do many such character-acted professionals graduate from our New York theatres?

In further evidence of the profound good faith and intense realizing power of Dickens, we have it on record that he came forth from his study at the finish of one of his novels having the look of a man who had been confined by spirits who had placed him under demoniac possession; impudent, vulgar, and wild and far-wandering in look. To those who read this avowal it seemed scarcely credible that a man could be so wrought upon by his own creation. Apart from the avowal which we have quoted from Dickens' own pen, we have a statement in regard to the great French realistic novelist, *Balzac*, which is worth citing as corroborative evidence of such a state of mind. Having made the plan of a novel and gathered his material, *Balzac* locked himself in a darkened room, toiling day and night on the work before him for weeks until his task was completed, and then coming from his retirement more dead than alive.

There can be no doubt that this immense power of self abstraction is the prime condition of genius. And in no sphere is such genius more required and more effective than on the stage. Unfortunately for our age and the present necessities of the drama this power is extremely rare. We have in this place the mere mechanism of talent, which substitutes all sorts of devices and dummies in the place of the living birth begotten in travail and self-denying identification with ideal personations. From the vast class which now surrounds us we may hope to see emerge creations more vital, of livelier men and more germane to the new world in which we live.

Other Audiences.

We would regard ourselves as remiss in our duty if we failed to draw, in behalf of our clergymen, the best conclusions we can from passing events. There are domains which join upon the heritage of the Stage, and frequently trench upon it, which we must recognize as belonging to neighbors and possible allies and auxiliaries.

Looked at on the surface, it might seem as if the recent political commotion wrought injury to the Stage, and that for a time at least it countervailed its best interests. This we may admit, and yet claim that it teaches all who hold the direction of the theatre a most important lesson.

If the audiences as at present constituted can be moved in and out of the theatre by external influences, it must surely be the part of wise and discreet administrators to reconstruct the attendance, if possible, on a more trustworthy basis. Admitting the result to which we refer, it would have to be conceded that the present regime of management fails to impart a sufficiently cohesive element, and that disintegration may be threatened or effected by causal disturbances.

In a word, if the attraction within the theatre is not permanently magnetic, and does not appeal to the very soundest and deepest functions and necessities of human nature, catchiness will prove catchpenny, and will slip out of hand at the first shock of antagonizing forces, whatever they may be.

It plays appeal only to momentary whims and passing humor, such as allude frequenters of side-shows and the harlequinade of the circus and Punch and Judy, they cannot retain their audiences against meritorious outside attractions. Temporary attractions obtain only temporary supporters and must be renewed, as in all shapes of travel traffic, with fresh instalments of travel and misleading glitter. To secure permanent audiences the entertainment offered must be of a permanent and enduring excellence.

And this is, we think, the lesson read to the profession by late experience—that is, to create audiences which attend the theatre from a true, deep-seated attachment to the theatre

not easily shaken, and who will stand by the theatre at against all sudden storms or fittings—entertainments from without. In other words, the time has arrived when the theatre demands, and for its own safety and welfare requires, a clearance of its own, who shall live on what is provided by way of means of amusement, and to whom the theatre is an habitual resort and an essential *social* and *mental* society, not to be put aside for any *paper*-show or fly-night whatever.

Professional Doings.

—William Carleton, the dramatic author, is again seriously ill.

—Robert Wilton joins R. L. Downing's Tally-Ho company.

—Grace Ruth Henderson has joined the La Charloisette company.

—Winton Eyer is playing *Amphitrite* at the Grand Theatre, London.

—W. H. Sutherland has replaced Harry Jorkin in the Knights' company.

—The *Princess* folks are busy getting ready for a change of bill.

—James J. Tige is specially engaged for the metropolitan run of *Lysander*.

—Hello Saxon has gone to Montreal to join J. H. Gilmore's *Monte Cristo* company.

—The Fantasma company leaves the city on Saturday night next at half-past eleven.

—Wesley Sonne has recovered his usual health, and is again attending to business.

—Ado Melano, of the Melano Sisters, will next season enter the dramatic profession.

—On Sunday week a series of sacred concerts will be inaugurated at the Comedy Theatre.

—In addition to a "stage laughing" class at the Lyceum, there is now organized a "singing" class.

—Professor Laffin has made an offer to the Hudson to give exhibitions of his stammer posturings.

—Anna Berger, the comedian, will appear at the Bijou Opera House on Sunday night at a *concert*.

—Over three thousand persons witnessed *Fedora* at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Thanksgiving Day.

—A famous Hungarian cantatrice and actress is on her way to this country. Her name is Lotte Girella.

—John H. Robb avouches that Captain Misher is more of a *pecuniary* success than *One of the Finest*.

—"Please Sell No More Drink to My Father" is the latest temperance song, by Mrs. F. B. Pratt and C. A. White.

—Thomas Martin yesterday signed with Jessie Kimball as leading comedian for Corinne's new opera company.

—Manager Henderson, of Jersey City, who was once an actor, intends shortly to appear in a play he is arranging to produce.

—J. C. Williamson has purchased the right to *The Private Secretary* for Australia. He would like to secure Mary Anderson.

—Gustave Ambert has unscripted several German farcical comedies, incited thereto by the great success of *The Private Secretary*.

—Harriet Jay has determined to go on the road starring, and will at once form a company. The repertoire is undecided as yet.

—Flora Monte's *Bunch of Keys* company will run week of Dec. 15. Casting an eye over the route traversed, the rest will evidently be revised.

—The Lamb Club has lately "dropped" some of the best professionals from its roll and is gradually developing into a world-behind club.

—Adeline Stanhope, who recently concluded an artistically successful tour with Ivanoff, is looking for a manager to produce her new play, by Nelson Wetheroff, entitled *Gwynne* Archer.

—During the Thanksgiving matinee at the Madison Square, the fire police interfered and stopped the sale of admission tickets, as the house was packed, no standing room being obtainable.

—A new set of costumes has been provided for Adams; several new songs have been introduced, and some very original business by Henry E. Dixey substituted for that which he first presented.

—Eric Hayley was very much disgusted to see a lithograph of his head neatly attached to the full-length fleshings (

The Giddy Garter.



Different States at different seasons have some climatic dispensations peculiar to themselves. The State of California has its rainy season, the State of Connecticut has its fogs, and the Maritime State its inevitable occurring blizzard—but a certain amount of preparation and warning is given by Nature in all States except the continental. Out of a clear sky comes the domestic lightning. While the elements are smiling, the storm comes, and seems to curse itself by its own fury.

I've been carefully minding a lot of things this last week besides Irving's splendid imitation of Disney in Hamlet. I've been over the Academy trying to catch on to Nevada's voice. I've been studying comparative anatomy at the Comedy Theatre. I've been trying to break my neck on parlor-skates at the Metropolitan Rink with Jimmy Ladd. I've been at Tony Pastor's looking at the cleverest dancer I've seen is a long while, and listening to the prettiest ballad-singer I can remember. Myra Goodwin is a splendid little dancer and Hilda Thomas sings Sims Reeves' part, "Sally in Our Alley," with remarkable sweetness and expression. I've been to hear Mr. Wagner read, and sat on a row with a baker's dozen of elocutionists. We were a gay lot—all our wits turned up—all our backs up. Every piece on her programme was one of our special recitations. I looked down the line and came to the conclusion that the professional reader was not pretty, and that speaking pieces is more or less liable to injure the health of the speaker as well as the auditor.

On that row of seats in Chickering Hall were some dreadful dismal countenances. Some of us looked as if we had died of some unpleasant thing and been dug up. I rallied the roll and everyone responded but Pope. He was my boss trouble some years ago, when he recited at me on every platform and charitable occasion that presented; but there was Oliver Thompson (whichever she may be) and Emma Waller. Emma looked almost frivolous with a new Fall hat. Fanny Hunt—giddy girl—snibbed a bit of orange peel and eyed Rosy Watkins, and Clara Brinkerhoff and Mrs. Vandenhoff smiled superciliously at the modern attractions of Harriet Webb, who seemed the only one of any account to the boys. Those young rascals, F. F. Mackay, Freil, Robinson and Alfred Ayres, were scattered among us like a few cataway seeds in a scalloped cookie.

We had a wild time of it, and got behind our fans and wondered who Florence Auld and May Francis and Professor Houston could possibly be. They seemed to feel that I had no business in the gang; but Mrs. Waller had heard me do "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," so I was "let stay," as Pinky Fay says, to see the show.

Mrs. Watson went into Chickering Hall when our ancient friend, Mr. Brandam, read a few weeks ago, and the business of the platform and unattractiveness of his surroundings horrified her. That patriot had a straight back screen behind him, a straight-back chair beside him, and a glass of water straight right in front of him. The screen and furniture frightened her, and the glass of water and Brandam appalled her. She then and there declared her intention of touching up that stage on the occasion of her appearance with light and beauty. I said, "I wish you may do it." I looked over the resources, with the pink and blue blowpipes of the real for tree stumps on one side, and the blue and pink pipes of the dummy stumps on the other, and the big gravestones let into the wall in the middle, and I thought she couldn't do it—but she did.

She got a seven like a caterpillar, so many joints had it in its back; she crinkled this across the stage, and she ran on palms and date-trees and ivy and other vegetable matter, and she planted it thickly with divans and chairs and other reading matter (all the chairs had their tickers on 'em, and I read with much interest, between the pieces, that one in embossed leather was \$23, and one in plush could be occupied permanently for \$18.75). In the midst of console tables and beautiful vases and urns and easels and plagues, Mrs. Watson, in white-satin, with a bouquet of "Jacks," looked extremely well, and managed the fastest train I ever saw with grace and dexterity.

Mrs. Watson is a handsome woman, with a clear voice of good but not great compass, intelligent enunciation and much humorous

ability. Pathos is not in her way, and tragic force is out of her reach. Her vivacity and humor are certainly her possessions, and her lighter infections wear off with great aplomb, and occasional snorts of approbation from Mrs. John Higgins, who sauntered down the aisle with so much witty half-grins on her head that a little boy took her for Santa Claus and pulled her as such. This reading brings me down to date. And with all that has been crowded into the week I have been taking care of the heart-broken women that the sun shines on.

Time you are I have not lost a minute of the time since I last addressed you. When the hour comes for your Garter to go and investigate the underground process of nature, she can safely say she never missed a trick. She never lets the snakes get in their face now, and her Sepulchre was needed to polish up a racy minor of her life and blotted pastimes. She believes firmly that under the same circumstances she could do a hundred times over exactly that which she has done from her cradle thus far toward her grave.

I dropped into a conversation of miners in the basement of a church not long ago, and four feeble brothers and one strong-minded sister got on their hind legs and informed Providence what they would do could they live their lives all over again. As far as I could learn, not a single thing they ever did would they ever do again; and I came away satisfied that I must have been a pretty square sort of fellow, since I see no flowers along the road I have travelled that were not picked. I see no sunlight I have missed. I have positively nothing to regret or wish undone.

Poor, dear Mademoiselle! The cheery, loving heart that has been hers for so many years has ceased to beat. The patient, suffering smile that met her home-coming and made the four walls dear to her, will never greet her again and the noble old lady is wretchedly miserable to-day; for on Tuesday she buried the best of husbands, Sam Wallis. With all my heart I sympathize in her grief. It's mighty hard for women to lose one of the ordinary, everyday lumps of selfishness. The man who for years is waited on by inches, whose comfort is the controlling idea of the wife's life, who is never called upon for anything but a kind word, who is never asked for anything outside companionship—when he is taken off the lonely woman sits down and eats her heart in solitude and grief. She magnifies the few sweet moments he has accorded her. She cries out, in a passion of tears: "Why could he not have been spared. For, utterly heartless and unloving as he was, he was an object to watch for, something to love." And God knows a woman, worse luck! must love something or go out of her mind.

THE GIDDY GARTER.

Professional Doings.

—Earl King has left the John A. Stevens company.

—Rev. Dr. Talmage is on a lecture tour in the South.

—Brooks and Dickson are now booking for 200 theatres.

—The Ivanoff company were paid their salaries in full.

—John W. Ransome has joined the Seven Ravens company.

—Joseph Gulick has resigned his interest in the Fred. Warde company.

—Josh E. Ogden has been engaged to do the advance work of Lynwood.

—Tony Sullivan has signed with Manager J. C. Duff for A Trip to Africa.

—The Rat (Der Fledermaus) is in rehearsal by one of the McCaull companies.

—John L. Burke will go with Elliott's Private Tutor company.

—Zanita, the spectacle at the Boston Theatre, is completing its third month.

—Harry Hawk is playing Russell Rossetti's part of the Jew in The Black Flag.

—Robson and Crane have cancelled their date at the Third Avenue Theatre.

—Mauds Rader has been well received with her specialties in The Seven Ravens.

—George Zeebold will go in advance of W. A. Edwards' Nice and Warm company.

—Seth M. Crane is appearing in Boston with the Knights in Over the Garden Wall.

—Harry Brown has made an immense hit with the Fay Templeton company in Chicago.

—Brooks and Dickson are having new scenery painted at the Star Theatre for Ristori.

—Marjorie Bonner will play leading business in Berger and Eno's Galley Slave company.

—W. H. Gillette is presenting his Secretary in Pittsburgh this week. He opened to a full house.

—Janawick opened to a large house at the Healy Theatre, Chicago, on Monday night.

—Jennie Kimball, of the Corinne Mette-makers, is looking for a leader in comic opera.

—J. M. Hardie has become leading man of H. Jennings' American Marriage company.

—Samuel Colville had some idea of reviewing The World, but has abandoned it for the present.

—It is estimated that the Thanksgiving receipts at the Philadelphia theatres reached \$25,000.

—R. G. Charles, a protege of John Howson's, will appear in She Stoops to Conquer at Wallack's.

—Catherine Lewis was offered \$150 a week to join one of the Adamless Eden companies, but declined.

—Magda Isrichick appeared in the Gladiator of Ravenna at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, on Sunday night.

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—A new theatre is to be erected in Lowell, Mass. A stock company with cheap prices is the programme.

—Theodore R. Harrell has succeeded George Harrell as manager of the Fall River (Mass.) Academy of Music.

—One of the Famous company is to be made up at the Presidents' and pose in the comedy sense.

—Edward Clarendon says he will send out half a dozen advance copies of his *Strengths of Paris* next month.

—W. F. Rochester is in negotiation with R. G. Bennett for the sale of the former's shares of Neil Gwynne.

—Walter McCloskey, under the name of Walter Temple, is singing in a mineral vein-circus in San Francisco.

—S. Miller Kent, soon to wed a sister of Charles R. Thorpe, has been quite successful at Albert at Monte Carlo.

—Raines and Crane state that the cost of their intended revival of *The Comedy of Errors* will be over \$60,000.

—Disney is now represented in the lobby of the Bijou Opera House by a full-length bronze cast of himself as Adonis.

—Von Flage's opera, *Seven Maidens*, has drawn large audiences to Kotter and Reid's. It will be continued some time yet.

—P. R. Carl, of New Haven, writes that Price's Oil to Egypt company tested the capacity of the New Haven theatre last week.

—Price Mathews will be produced at the Casino on Dec. 15. Frances Wilson, Jay Taylor, Bertie Ricci and others will appear.

—The New Park Theatre, having passed out of Frank Morris' hands, that great man will devote his time to managing R. L. Dohring.

—The Grace Hawthorne company left for St. Louis rather unexpectedly last night to take part in the benefit for John W. Norton.

—Manager Dorothy, of the Bijou Opera House, is once more concentrating his mind on the formation of an English opera company.

—A Southern correspondent writes: "As McFetrich, Thomas W. Keene worthily wears the baptism of his illustrious ensemble, Edmund."

—Ernest Never is arranging for a series of concerts in the Hoffman House banquet-hall. Michael Hanauer, the boy violinist, is expected to play.

—Madeleine Lucette was offered a part in An Adamless Eden, but declined it. Her husband, J. H. Ryley, says she will not act this season.

—John Sartori procured an injunction against J. R. Stanley on Friday and stopped the evening performance at the Mount Morris Theatre.

—Harry and Fay will soon resume their station. Both comedians are much improved in health, and anxious to once more face the footlights.

—The Madison Square management are overjoyed with applications for return dates of Mag. Blossom. It is wonderfully successful on the road.

—Eva Harrington was to have replaced Lilie Grable in Adonis on Monday night, but no change has yet taken place. Miss Grable desires to retire.

—A play similar in many respects to *Love on Crutches* was produced in London some years ago by the late Sothern under the title *Barwise's Book*.

—The three McCaull opera companies, in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, were entertained by the manager in leading hotels on Thanksgiving Day.

—Jennie Fisher and Harry Ambler have joined W. A. Mastayer's company in W. U. & Co. The company opens at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Dec. 15.

—Frank Rea and wife, who are said to be the oldest theatrical company in the United States, are playing in Ford's company, now travelling in the South.

—George W. June is responsible for a farce-comedy entitled *A Hot Night on the Road*. It will be quietly sprung upon the public some time after the holidays.

—Harry Siddons and J. H. Murray have been engaged for Milliken's Operatic Comedy company, of which Madeleine Lucette is to be the right and particular star.

—Edward Henley has not been engaged for the season by Lester Wallack, as has been erroneously stated, but merely appeared in *Constance* for the run of the play.

—Eva Barker has returned to the city, having closed her temporary engagement with the Crestle company. Frances Kemble has resumed her place in the company.

—On Friday night the three-hundred-performance of *Polka* in this country will be given by Fanny Davenport. Suitable souvenirs will be presented to all lady attendees.

—Members of Shock and Collier's road companies state that their salaries are being reduced twenty per cent., although business has been and continues to be very good.

—Dixy Bell is still annoyed by Parsons Harcourt's son. The young man is a regular attendant at the Casino, prepared to object to the slightest ridicule of his famous father.

—Humpy Dumpty as presented recently by deal-mates in this city attracted great attention. It is said to have been very clever, and a request for its repetition has been made.

—Herbert Graham, the young comedian who came here with the Majolicks and then played in *Confusion*, has made a very good impression during the long run of *Adonis*.

—There have been several changes in W. A. Edwards' Nice and Warm company. Sophie Lingwood, Charles Frew, D. G. Longworth and others are among those who have retired.

—Two dollars for seats to *My Fair Lady* at the Alhambra hour price were reduced to the usual figure, but too largely to the public.

—From an architectural point of view, the New Lyceum Theatre building is an ugly, supposed temple of art, it belongs to no school of architecture. Perhaps it is Hebe.

—A matinee of *An Adamless Eden* for ladies only was given at the Comedy Theatre yesterday afternoon. Very few gentlemen attended, but there was a gaudy gathering of the other sex.

—Mac St. John and Franklin Seaman, the prime donne of Duff's Opera company will alternate the leading role in *A Trip to Africa*. The company is rehearsing at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

—The Royal Divorce is the title of a play which Grace Hawthorne will produce next season. Her expenses for the present will be confined to Camille, East Lewis, Miss Minnie and Fred Foss.

—"Dixy" Carter has just word that he will produce Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera next May next. In the Fall he may bring it to America. All the operas by other companies are to be revised in London.

—The Hungarian Band, which has performed in London for about twelve years, is to be engaged for New York on Wednesday last under engagement to Colonel Moore. One hundred concerts have been arranged for.

—Clemente Giuseppe, an English tenor whose Joseph Banks brought over, is now a leading spirit of an Adriatic Eden company. Banks and Giuseppe have discussed their intention of forming a theatre company.

—At the performance of *A Walk to葛底斯堡* at Wallack's on Wednesday last, Rose Coghlan, instead of addressing General Taaffe or Jasper, the name of the character he was playing, called him "Dear General."

—Everything about Grace Hawthorne's company is to be American. All the parts, except, of course, all dances, music and every other will come of the stars and stripes. The manager, however, styles himself a wild foreigner.

—Manager James Russell, of Herald Magazine, Louisville, was presented by the members of the Herald, last Saturday, with a handsome gold-bossed case. Mr. James made the presentation speech. The dinner was crowded.

—E. F. Thorpe states that he has only had two losing weeks this season, but he has about sixteen all around. Russell, however, has performed twice without extra compensation.

—W. H. Fensterer, of the Neil Gwynne company, is doing heavy work. He goes to Philadelphia each day to rehearse *The Flower* with the company there, and comes to the alterations for the performance at the Casino in the evening.

—During Dr. Danvers' season of German operas at the Metropolitan, he has never had any trouble with his prime donne or a single complainant. Everything has been plain sailing. A contrast to the "Colonel's" style of doing things.

—Captain Alfred Thompson will remain here all Winter. He is up to his ears in work. He says that recent letters from England state that F. C. Bernard's last play, *Just in Time*, is a flat failure. It is *Punch* editor's first theatrical失敗.

—A second Lynwood company will take the road, with Kate Perry as its head. The support is now being engaged. James Byas has returned to Tilson's management, Lillian Arthur will represent Mr. Tilson in New York City.

—Joseph Brooks informed a reporter yesterday that the statement as to the increase of the Ristori company is quite true, and that they surpass his expansion. He also says in the Ristori and the Romany Rye are both doing well.

—A. M. Palmer has compromised his claim against R. W. Field in order to accommodate the manager with whom the Boston manager held down for Henley. Accordingly Henley will be played for a short season by the Boston Museum company.

—The combined profits of the benefits given throughout the country last year in aid of the Actors' Fund amounted to only \$6,000. On Tuesday evening over \$3,000 had been taken in at the Academy box-office for the single performance today.

—Percy J. Cooper, who is singing with the opera company at St. John, N. H., has made a hit on Don Cesar de Bazan. One paper said of it: "His acting was good, and he left the stage at the close of the opera thoroughly in the hearts of the audience."

—Jay Hunt, William Lavelle

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AS LOUISE IN "IVANHOE."

Is now engaged for Miss Adeline Stanhope, who
is also known as an artist of exceptional merit.
The part is one which calls for a certain amount
of Miss Stanhope's beauty that will be fully met.
Much might be said of the many points of merit with
which this presentation is marked, but it would suffice
to commend Miss Stanhope highly and to congratulate
her on the receipt of continual applause and success.

PRELIMINARY TURN TERMINATED NOV. 27.
MISS STANHOPE HAS RETURNED TO NEW YORK.

Miss Adeline Stanhope, who played the leading
part in the production upon her exceptionally
fine merits, has now been engaged for the
present season, and her coming to the stage
will be greatly anticipated.

She is especially good in the tragic, grand, and
dramatic scenes.

MISS STANHOPE IS LEADING COMEDY PART
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